Daily & Engle

AUNT MANDA.

The Story of Her Wood-Chopping -What Came of It.



I'S jest a downright Zekiel, the way them folks treats the poor child. That's what it is, an' ther haint no two ways about it, nother."

Good old Aunt Manda Goff was thoroughly in earnest, as she always was in whatever she interested herself, and in her excitement waved the pumpkin

butter-stirrer so energetically and carelessly as to bring the end of it uncomfortably near Uncle Zekiel's nose as he sat warming his hands over the kitchen fire. "Wal, wal, Manda," Zekiel said, "don't go ter gettin' riled erbout suthin' that haint heither hyar nor thar to you; an' do be er leetle more keerful with that air paddle,

"Do you mean to stan' up an' say," replied Mrs. Goff. "that it hain't here ner thar to me what them Martin's does toward Mary. Do you mean to say it hain't none o' my business, ner yourn, ner no-

Wal, Manda, yer know it's all in ther family, an' I don't rightly make it out as how we've got any right to meddle atwixt

"What of Mary is the widow ov ole Squire

Martin's son, is that any reason why of the Squire won't help 'er none we shant?" "No, I dunno es it is. Yit you know how headstrong the Squire is, an' how of he gits his head sot on a thing they haint no reason in him. I don't like ter hev no trouble with our neighbors, an' the Squire bein' sorter quare, it mout be best fer us not ter go ter mixin' eriong o' the affairso' ther family. It 'pears ter me like it 'ad be best to let 'em alone an' not say nothin' one way or tother."

"Wal, it don't 'pear no sich way to me, Zeke, and it haint right ter let 'em erione an' leave pore Mary to suffer jest becase ole Martin is too contrary an' stingy to help her hisself, an' too proud to want others to help'er. Mary's jest es good es any a Mar-tin thet ever lived, an' a mighty sight betterthan the Squire, an' wuz er fittin' wife fer his son ef she wasn't only a schoolteacher. It aln't no wise right that he should let'er suffer, an' of he won't do nothin' to help 'er along with them two children he haint got no business ter stan' atwixt her an' other folks what would help

"No, be haint, Manda, thet's er fack. But It's best ter be er leetle keerful an' not say too much."

"Zekiel, of I pretended to be er man I'd be one. I wouldn't be erfeered to say my soul's my own. You kin do es yer like, but yer mistaken ef you think I'm goin' ter poke about 'Ith my fingers in my mouth an' let that child go on a sufferin' jest to keep Martin in a good humor."

"It's er mouty bad thing ter git up bad feelin's with ther neighbors.'

"I know that well erouff, but it's a awful sight worse to let the innercent suffer. That's my way o' lookin' at it, and I feel es if it wuz ther Christian way, too. To-merry I'm going ter git up a wood-choppin' for Mary, an' I'm goin' to send Tommy Brown to invite all the men to come an' chop an' haul wood to do 'er all winter." You?" Zekiel exclaimed.

"Yes, me. If the men won't take sholt and lead off, I will."

Zekiel knew his wife too well, and was too thoroughly aware of her determined spirit, to stop for a moment to doubt her in-tentions; and he had long since learned that it was a clear waste of time and breath to engage in any attempt to dissuade her from a purpose, so without another word he got up and went away about his duties.

Bob Martin had married Mary against his father's wishes, and the old Squire, being one of those firm, unrelenting persons, had renounced his son and vowed "up and should Bob his wife, or any of their off-spring have one cent of his money or any assistance otherwise from him. When five years later Bob died of consumption after a long and tedious illness, and left Mary almost penniless with two children to support, people thought that the Squire would relent for the children's sake, but in that they were mistaken, for though Mary lived but a mile from him, the old Squire never recognized her and seemed completely oblivious of the existence of herself and

The neighbor men would have willingly given the widowed mother assistance, but they feared the Squire, and they knew that by so doing they would gain his lasting enmity and hatred. Thus it went on through the oummer and autumn, and then, when cold



"YOU?" ZERIEL EXCLAIMED.

weather set in, Aunt Manda Goff realized that somebody must do something, and knowing that there is no one on whom a person can rely so certainly as on one's self, she took the matter in her own hands and set to work to get up a wood chopping.

Little Tommy Brown rode about over the ent and invited every man for miles around, not even neglecting the Squire, and on the morrow Mary was surprised when, at an early hour, the neighbors began to arrive with axes and teams for the purpose of getting up a supply of wood for the winter She was also somewhat taken aback when she bethought herself that all these men must have dinner, and that there was really but little in the house with which to pro-

"I don't know what I'm ever to do," she remarked in a fit of despair as she sank back in a chair. "Those men are kind, and the Lord knows I need their assistance, but

come out well ernuff someway."

And it did come out, for a half hour later Zekiel Goff drove up to the front gate and began to unload baskets and boxes of provisions, and a few minutes after Aunt Man-

good and none in talking of it.

"It hain't much," she said, when the collectors. The world realnes his genius and pars well for his talents."

mite, and altogether I reckon they's ernuff fer 'em, an' I s'pect it's 'bout as good 's them men's mostly used to.'' It was along toward the middle of the af-

ternoon, and the pile of wood was assuming large proportions, when the old Squire rode down the lane from his mansion, and turning in at the bars, followed the track down to the timber where the men were at work. As soon as he came in sight they work. As soon as ne came in signt they all knew he was mad. They could tell that by the way he carried himself, and some of them trembled with fear, for they well knew the form of his wrath. Riding up to the first group he roughly demanded:
"What do you fellows mean by sich doin's es this? Don't you know that when I want wood chopped here I've got money to hire it done?"

For a moment no one spoke, then Jase Cobb stepped forward and said: "Squire, it 'pears ter me like yer gittin' right smart riled up fer nothin'. Ef we see fit to come here and chop wood ruther'n hev ther widder en children freeze, I reckon we hey er right to, an' besides it don't seem ter me yer jest ther one ter talk erbout hirin' uv things, when yer hain't never done "Look out, thar! look out!" four or five

voices shouted at once just then, but either the Squire did not lear or would not head, and the next instant a falling tree brushed him from his horse and left him a badly bruised and unconscious mass on the earth "We thought the tree wuz goin' ter fail tother way," the men said as they came running up, "but he could er got away ef he'd a listened."

"He hain't dead," another remarked, after bending over the Squire for a minute, "an" we'd best git 'im to ther house, while some body goes for the doc." ordingly the Squire was conveyed to



"WHAT DO YOU PELLOWS MEAN!" yowed he would never enter, and when the doctor came and examined his wounds and bruises, he expressed the opinion that the Squire would recover in time, but that his onfinement would be long and tedious, and that it would be weeks before he could be noved to his own house.

The Squire greaned when he heard this, and mentally resolved that he would go, and that no power or combination of circumstances could compel him to remain an cumbrance on one whom he had always scorned, and to whose claims for assistance and protection he had turned a deaf ear. But he soon discovered that his will was greater than his physical strength, and that, however much he might rebel against the idea of being an unwilling guest under his daughter's roof, he was forced to sub-

relative who acted in the capacity of housekeeper, and who for years had contended against a severe attack of rheumatism, and was therefore poorly qualified to assume the duties of nurse. Thus it fell out that the nursing came to Mary, and she was well fitted for it after all she had done for poor

At first the Squire was reluctant to have her near him, and if she did not divine his wants and supply them voluntarily he allowed them to go ungratifled. For several days he spoke to her only in answer to direct questioning, and then his words were as few as possible to convey his meaning.

Mary seemingly took no notice of all this, but devoted herself to him with all the tendecress of her loving nature, and in return for his curt, gruff words gave him sentonces full of kindness a d hone Two weeks passed, and the Squire was

rapidly recovering, when one evening Aunt Manda Goff came to see him, and as they were alone together for a few minutes he

"Aunt Manda, your wood-chopping has been a great misfortune to me in one respect, as I shall have to go on crutches the rest of my days; but somehow I don't mind it so much. It's set me to thinkin', an' I've come to the conclusion that I've always been a fool. That's puttin' it tolerable strong, but it ain't any past the truth,

"Wal, that ain't fer me to say, Squire," Aunt Manda replied, "but I do think you hain't never acted none too sensible." "I've been a fool, that's all. And Mary, Aunt Manda, she is almost an angel."

"Yes, I've knowed that all along."
"I know it now, though if I'd a been sen sible I might a known it sooner. But that's past. Now, I want you to do me a favor. I want you to tell her what I think, and that I am willing to admit that I was always wrong, and want to be friends from this time. I've tried to tell 'er myself, but I can't do it. It makes me feel so little and mean when she

is by "
"I'll do what I can," Aunt Manda replied. The result of it all was that Mary and the children accompanied the Squire home, and while he supplies them with the comforts of life, they give him equally as much in the way of pleasure, kindness and love.

There was a great change in the Squire, and instead of the proud, haughty nature he once possessed and which made him so dis-agreeable to those with whom he came in contact, he grew to be gentle, considerate and almost childlike in his behavior towards others; and these who had known him so long found it hard to reconcile the hard, cold, distant man of old with the tender old man who now hobbled about on crutches with Mary's two children for his companions and friends.

However great the change, the neighbors all noted it with pleasure, but none found more satisfaction in it than did Aent Manda Goff, who, though she said nothing of it, knew quite well that the happy trans-formation dated from the day of her wood-

chopping and that it originated in that event.

THOMAS P MONTFORT
Burdette and the Collector. "We were sitting in the sauctum of the Burlington Hawkeye, Bob Burdette and I," says Hon. Frank Hatton, "when a collector came in. Bob sat on one side of the table and I sat on the other. The collector came through the door with a bill in his hand and blood in his eye as ne asked if Mr. Burdette was in. Bob looked saily at him, and answered in the affirmative. The collector presented a coal bill, and Bob looked at it the Lord knows I need their assistance, but I am almost sorry they came when I have nothing to fix up for dinner."

"Well, be es cheorful es you kin." a neighbor woman remarked, an "I dersay it'll all Monday evening with your bill." The suave manner and confident tone disarmed the collector and he bowed himself out, but promised very sincerely to be on hand Monday evening. As soon as he was down-stairs, and the rattlety bang of his hobvisions, and a few minutes after Aunt Manda came and explained it all by saving that:
"She jest thought she moutes well fetcher leetie somethin to sorter he'p out, seein'es she could do it jest es casy es not."

Mary cried, she was so overcome with gratitude, and she tried to find words to express her thanks, but Aunt Manda to express her thanks the expression to express her thanks the expression to express her thanks the expression to express he prevented her, for, like all good, generous people, she found all her pleasure in doing good and none in talking of it.

It was one of Bob's best practical jokes—and the collector was its butt. Bob don't good lecturing nowadays, though, to dodge

MEN WORTH KNOWING.

Two Western Clergymen Who Enjoy a National Reputation—The Habits and Life-Work of Dr. Withrow and Bishop Chency—The Largest Sunday-School in the World and Its Superintendent.

[Special Chicago Correspondence.] As a usual thing I do not care to write about preachers. They are privileged characters; adored by the female members of their flocks, revered by two or three score masculine followers, and harshly criticised by that scornful multitude which takes no ck in organized church work. When I call preachers privileged characters I use the word "privileged" advisedly. They are privileged inasmuch as they are eximmediate followers, who, however, are ever



miseration the shepherds of their flocks. Wire la begitelle is, after all, the maxim to which the great majority of the human family subscribes, and if Samantha can hurt Jerusha by circulating a little story elaborated so as to add piquancy to a commonplace tale she is happy, smiles a self-satisfied smile and is hailed by her intimates as a victor in the contest of

Spurned on to further efforts by her triumph over Jerusha, Samantha turns to Jane, from Jane to John, from John to George and finally singles out one of her ministerial acquaintances as the victim of victims. Verily, life is made up of little things, but no class has to endure so many pricks as the clerical profession. And that is the reason why I do not care to write about them-being of a humanitarian dis-position and not inclined to add to the hardships of a deserving class by exposing their lives and, worst of all, their pictures to the gaze of an extensive newspaper constitu-

And yet, preachers being semi-public characters, every writer is at times compelled to write about them. This being the case, I have singled out for consideration in the following paragraphs two divines whose reputation is so well established that even the scornful multitude would find it difficult to assail their private or public acts

Rev. John Lindsay Withrow, D. D., pas tor of the Third Presbyterian Church, Chicago, the largest congregation of that denomination in the West, has perhaps a larger number of admirers than any other orthodox minister outside of Brooklyn. Born in Philadelphia, in 1837, he was educated in Princeton College and semi-nary, where he imbibed enough Calvinistic ctrine to last him for the life-time of one of the Old Testament patriarchs.

He preached many years in Boston and other Eastern cities. His untiring zeal, displayed in the building up of weak churches, a few years ago attracted the at-tention of his present congregation, whose executive officers offered him a sal-ary of nine thousand dollars per year, an assistant, and various other inducements calculated to make the call acceptable. He became the successor of the famous—some call him notorious—Dr. A. E. Kittredge, who at one time enjoyed a National reputa-tion as the author of the most irresponsible statement ever made from an American pulpit. Dr. Withrow's success in the West, and the commanding position occupied by him in the councils of his denomination, Christian family in the land, is due to his carnestness and energy. A man of fine physique, a full, melodious voice and commanding presence, supplemented by a thorough education and religious fervor, he is one of the few whose very looks and ac-tion appeal to the crowd. As a pulpit orator he has few equals even in Chicago, and as an organizer be has none. While storing up treasures in Heaven and in the hearts of his fellow-men, he has not neglected to make some investments in real estate and other mundane commodities an equally substantial nature, which he



manages with a skill that proves him to be as much of a financier as a theologian. In personal appearance Dr. Withrow is a noble specimen of manhood. He is free from affectation and cant, and as earnest out of church as when occupying the pulpit. That a man of so many virtues should win the love of an immense congregation and the respect of an entire community will not surprise those who have had the pleasure of listening to one of his old-fashioned, but good-natured,

A man differing from Dr. Withrow both as regards personal appearance and pulpit manners, but just as earnest and successful as his Presbyterian brother, is the Right-Reverend Charles Edward Cheney, D. D., senior Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church, and rector of Christ Church, Chicago. Dr. Cheney is a native of Canandaigua, New York, where he was born on February 12, 1835. After graduating from Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y., he entered the Protestant Episcopal Seminary at Alexandria, Va., and was, in 1860, ordained presbyter by the Bishop of New York. A few weeks later he was called to Christ Csurch, Chicago, over which he still presides. On December 14, 1873, he was conse-crated Bishop. Dr. Cheney always was what is called a low-church man, and as early as 1864 had trouble with Bishop Whitehouse, of Chicago, the most pronounced ritualist who ever presided over an American diocese. When, in 1878, the Reformed Episcopai Church was organized, Christ Church, under the leadership of Dr. Cheney,

espoused the new cause; but not before the rector had been suspended by Bishop Whitehouse. A fieroe legal war which lasted some years was waged between the astical authorities of the old church against the seceders, which terminated in a complete victory for the Reformers. Dr. Choney is a good man who believes in that kind of faith which lives by works and not by the observation of ritualistic regulations. He is adored by the members of his flock and by the thirty thousand communicants

of his sect, but has never won the affections of the people at large.

Unlike Dr. Withrow, who has been called the most unaffected man in the pulpit, Dr. Cheney makes a painful impression on Cheney makes a painful impression on hearers not accustomed to his ways, by dealing in far-fetched metaphors and by drawing out his words to a seemingly endless length. His friends claim that the Bishop is free from affectation, that he acts and species in the puint just as he acts and speaks in the pulpit just as he would in a parior. If such is the case it would seem—to a man up in a tree, at least—that he would make a very tiresome and Dr. Cheney's greatest virtue is charity, and hundreds of poor people have been saved by him from hunger, squalor and misery. In this labor of love the Bishop employs no agents, but takes it upon himself to comfort the homeless and the father-CAPITAL, SURPLUS,

self to comfort the homeless and the father-less. He has always "done good by stealth, and now blushes to find it fame." That a man of such a disposition should gather around him a host of personal friends is natural, and that he has succeeded in making the Reformed Episcopal church re-spectable in point of numbers as well as principles, must be gratifying to all who love fair play and love to see devotion and Turning from the pulpit to the Sunday school rooms, every man acquainted with Chicago affairs will think of Charles B Holmes, the general manager of the greates street railway syndicate ever organized, and the superintendent and teacher of the largest Sunday-school in the world. Mr. Holmes was born in Springfield, Vt., in 1840, but removed to Illinois with his parents in 1856. He received a thorough common-school and academic education.
He earned his first money as a farm hand,
in which capacity he worked for twelve
dollars per month. Afterward he engaged in railroad surveying and farming in North-ern Iowa. In 1863 Mr. Holmes removed to Chicago, where he became manager of the Union Line Transportation Company and later the superintendent of the Chicago



built and the lines extended in every direction, so that they now have 135 miles of track, 2,000 horses, 4,000 horse-power of cables and over 1,000 large cars. Buring the past year or two a syndicate organized by Mr. Holmes has secured control of the leading street-car lines of Indianapolis, Ind., St. Louis, Mo., Los Angeles, Cal., Daven-port, Ia., and Rock Island and Moline, Ill.

That during these years of enterprise he has accumulated a snug fortune goes without saying; and as he has always tried to please the public which patronizes his street-car lines, he has perhaps fewer ene-mies than any man in public life. Mr. Holmes' hobby is, as has already been stated, a Sunday-school which he organized about eleven years ago in the North divi-sion of Chicago, a portion of the city inhabited chiefly by poor foreigners. The school at the present time has over three thousand pupils, who are divided into regiments and companies and are addressed by Mr. Holmes and others every Sunday afternoon. Connected with the school is a relief bureau which does much toward relieving the necessities of the pupils, hundreds of them being supplied with clothing by the patrons of the bureau, chief among whom is Mr. him in the councils of his denomination, Holmes. It is always a pleasure to honor which has made his name familiar in every an honest, self-made man, but it is not often that one finds as ample ground for praise as in this instance. G. W. WEIPPIERT. in this instance.

ONE IN A MILLION.

But the Man Afraid to Die Took It and Saved Monte.

As we got down in the neighborhood of Cape Hatteras, writes a New York Sun man, it came on to blow great guns, and the seas were tremendous. The steamer pitched and tossed and rolled in a way to frighten every body, and about mid-afternoon a sleek-looking young man pitched across the cabin to the sofa on which I was sitting and

"Do you think we can pull through!" "It's doubtful."

"Good chance of going down, eh?" "Best in the world."

"Well, I have a few dollars in counterfeft money with me—some that was passed on me—and I guess I'll throw it overboard." He pitched across to his stateroom and probably got rid of it. In about half an hour he came for me again and asked:
"What do you think of it now?"

"She seems to be laboring heavily, and I'm expecting to hear that she has sprung

"Is that sof I have two or three packs of cards in my valise. That might count against me in the other world, and I guess I'll heave 'em out."

He was gone about a quarter of an hour this time, and as he staggered up to the sofa again the steamer almost stood on "It's growing worse, isn't it?" he in-

"Much worse." "And we ought to prepare for death!"

"I-I believe I have two or three bogus bonds with me belonging to a friend who sometimes works a confidence racket. I guess they'll have to go, too." While he was gone I shifted my position,

and it was half an bour before he found me again. The steamer was rolling and pitching, and he was very white as he in "What are the chances now!"

"One in a million."

I did not see him again until we were nearing Wilmington. Then I caught him trying to work the three-card-racket on a South Carolina planter, and I called him

"You seem to have recovered all your lost cheek, my friend." "I have-yes. "While you shought there was danger of our going down, you were very penitent." "Just so."

"I thought you threw overboard every thing belonging to your profession!"
"Not quite. I was going to, but when you said we had one chance in a million, I took it and saved monte, and if you'll let me alone I'll pull fifty dollars out of that old cottonseed before we make the wharf."

Brautt may be only skin deep; but the trouble nowadays is to tell how deep the

Wanted Two Off for Cash.

A train in Arizons was boarded by rob

bers, who went through the luckless pas sers, who went through the neckess pas-seagers. One of them happened to be a Hebrew "drummer" from New York who, when his turn came, with reluctance fished out \$300, but rapidly took \$4 from the pile and placed it in his vest pocket. "What do you mean by that!" asked the robber as he toyed with his revolver. Hurriedly came the answers willing from: the answer: "Mine frent, you surely vould not refuse me 2 per cent discount on a strictly cash transaction like dis!"

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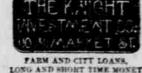
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